

The Cribs

"Shoot The Poets"

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Cut off your nose to spite your friends
Breathing holes that will never end, oh
Speak all you want or just pretend
Because she thinks she is a different class
So she sits all day by the looking glass, oh
It doesn't talk, it doesn't last

But it's not what I've heard you know
A picture speaks a thousand words
But baby don't feel down
I left my heart in a provincial town, yeah

You sold your soul for magic beans
Don't believe all you read on computer screens
These things they mean nothing to me
Ripped and stains came off the track
You go there once and you don't come back, oh

Good that's what I say

But it's not what I've heard you know it
Cut your losses, shoot the poets
And one day you'll come down
To find yourself in a provincial town

But it's not what I've heard you know
A picture speaks a thousand words
But baby don't feel down
I left my heart in a provincial town, yeah

But it's not what I've heard you know it
Cut your losses, shoot the poets
And one day you'll come down
Oh, to find yourself in a provincial town

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